

120 FABLES in VERSE.

A box of charity she shews;
Blow here,—and a Churchwarden blows:
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meager rake address;
This picture see; her shape, her breast!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her and have her. With surprise
His hand expos'd a box of pills;
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty Guineas at command;
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see,
Takes ev'ry shape but charity;
And not one thing you saw or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The

FABLES in

The Juggler now in g
With this submission ow
' Can I such matchless
' How practice hath im
' But now and then I c
' You ev'ry day, and

